

ATTEND
Students' Council Meeting
Senate Chambers
Wednesday, Feb. 16, 7:00 p.m.

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

VOL. XXXIV, No. 18.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1944

SIX PAGES

DON'T FORGET!
Huskies vs. Golden Bears
Saturday, 2:30 p.m.
Garneau Gym

Wartime Chemistry Explained to Philosoph

I.S.S. to Use \$1.25 Students' Caution Money

Ask Faculty Members to Help

Wauneita Hold Tea and Raffle

This year, as in previous years, the success of the Major War Drive depends upon the support it receives from the student body and the faculty members. To reach the required objective of \$1,500, the committee is concentrating the drive into a few important items. There will be voluntary caution money deductions, the faculty will be canvassed, the Wauneita Society will hold a raffle and tea, and all campus clubs will be asked to support.

To aid in making the caution money deduction as simple as possible, the committee is asking for co-operation from every student. The Bursar has kindly agreed to a deduction of any amount up to \$1.25 made from that portion of caution money refundable to the student. Any student who does not wish to have the \$1.25 deducted may secure a form to this effect from the Students' Union office or from the General office.

The faculty is to be canvassed personally, and asked to contribute to the drive in co-operation with the student body.

The Wauneita Society is holding a raffle for a year's subscription to any popular magazine desired by the winner. Tickets for this raffle are now on sale at 10c a ticket, or 3 for 25c. The lucky winner will be announced at a tea which the Wauneitas are holding later in the month.

The money this year is being given to the International Students' Service to help it in the carrying on of its valuable work in enemy prison camps and occupied countries. The committee feels sure that the necessary support will be given by all students to make the Major War Drive as successful this year as it has been in the past.

Applications For U.A. Ring Awards Sought by Union

Applications for University Ring awards will be received by Jack Forster, secretary of the Students' Union, at the Students' Union office, up until Feb. 15. Students are referred to the Point System Act of the Constitution for information relevant to the awards.

Rev. G. W. Kerby Dies in Calgary

Principal-emeritus of Mount Royal College, Hon. Lt.-Col. Rev. George W. Kerby, B.A., D.D., died Wednesday in Calgary at the age of 83.

Dr. Kerby, who lived in Calgary for 42 years, founded Mount Royal College, which is affiliated with the University of Alberta. He served as its principal for 31 years, retiring in July, 1942. He was also the founder and first minister of Central Methodist Church, now Central United.

Dr. Kerby was well known in Edmonton, having made many visits here in connection with church and educational work and with his official duties as chief recruiting officer for Alberta in the First Great War. On a number of occasions he was anniversary preacher in city churches.

A son, Air Vice-Marshal H. Spencer Kerby, D.S.C., A.F.C., commander of R.A.F. operations in East Africa, and a daughter, Mrs. Helen Cowan of Vancouver are the only survivors.

Plan Another Party

The Peace River Party held last Friday was a huge success. It started with a bang and continued lively throughout the evening—just like the parties we have "up North."

Highlights of the evening were a very successful "Bingo" dance and an elimination dance. In the latter, Shirley Frome from Hines Creek and Johnnie Laurie from Trail, in spite of rigid restrictions, remained on the floor to collect the prizes.

Now, my little Eskimos, if you would like another party like that (and who wouldn't?), just phone your votes to Red Anderson.

FOUND

On Monday morning, on 112th Street, a silver gray Waterman's fountain pen. Will owner please call at Gateway office.

Cotter Asks Student Support For Magazine Drive Starting Mon.

Every canteen and every service-men's reading room would be very dull without some variety of our popular magazines. For it's true that magazines—yes, even the outdated ones—play an important part in a soldier's, sailor's or airman's leisure time around the barracks.

In an effort to aid in keeping those magazine shelves filled, we on this campus are about to launch a Magazine Collection Drive as one of our war services—and it is a war service, let's not forget that.

You are being asked to bring all your old magazines to "storm" the boxes in the Medical and Arts buildings.

Who knows, some C.W.A.C. may get loads of fun out of that Esquire that's on your bookshelf, or some sergeant-major may be softened up by that Charm or Mademoiselle.

We are confident that Alberta students will rally to this cause with the typical Alberta spirit, and when the drive is over our campus will be magazine bare, but our canteen shelves filled.

WILFRED COTTER,
Chairman, Magazine Collection Committee.

DREW SINGS, MacDONALD SWINGS, AT NEWMAN CLUB

Last Sunday night, the Newman Club met in St. Joseph's College, where several of the club members entertained. Miss Pat MacDonald played several selections on the piano, and Miss Ruth Drew, accompanied by Miss D'Appolonia, sang requested songs.

After the meeting, refreshments were served and a sing-song held.

University Reconstruction Conference Here Next Week

Four Western Universities Represented

The four western Canadian universities, British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba, will hold a three-day conference at the University of Alberta on February 16th, 17th and 18th. Each of the universities will select four students to represent them in the discussions. The purpose of the conference is to discuss the part the universities can play in the post-war period. The group will consider the numerous post-war plans in the various provinces, and decide in what ways they can best help out with these plans. They will have an opportunity to compare the plans of their own province with those of the other provinces. At the conclusion of the discussions, the group will draft definite resolutions as to their decisions on the matters discussed. Each university newspaper will carry full reports of the discussions and the decisions arrived at by the representatives.

The arrangements are in the hands of Richard Corbet, Alfred Harper, J. E. Gander and Jack Yates, under the chairmanship of Donald Cormie. Other students from the University of Alberta taking part in the conference are Winifred Van Kleeck, Stewart Sinclair, Alan MacDougall, Laverne Quinn and Ruth Ballard.

The discussions will take place in the Senate Chamber of the University of Alberta. Dr. Robert Newton, the President of the University, will be the speaker and chairman at the first seminar on "The Place of University Students in the Reconstruction Projects of the Dominion and Provincial Governments." Dean Sinclair, of the Department of Agriculture, who recently attended the Virginia Food Conference, will con-

duct a seminar on "Agricultural Planning on a Nation-wide and a World-wide Scale." "Future Developments in Canadian Education" will be introduced by the Honorable Solon E. Low, Minister of Education for the Province of Alberta. The fourth seminar on "Extending the University Facilities to all the People of the Province" will be presided over by Mr. Donald Cameron, the Director of the Department of Extension of the University. Mr. Leigh Brintnell, manager of Aircraft Repair, will speak on the development of the Canadian Northland and the possibilities that will be opened to university students. The last seminar will be used to formulate definite resolutions as to the conclusions of the representatives on the questions discussed.

The conference, the first of its kind in Canada, has been entirely arranged by groups of students at the various universities, and sponsored by the Students' Union at each university. It was suggested that delegates should attend from the American universities in the North-western United States, but it was finally decided that the discussions

Student Stars of The Week



BOB PULLEYBLANK
whom adjudicators and audience alike voted the best actor in the Interyear Dramatic Competition. Bob, who hails from Calgary, is a second year Artsman. His role was that of Pyramus in the Sophomore play, Pyramus and Thisbe, which won the award for the best production.



ALICE ACKROYD
who played the charming Koog-See in "The Romance of the Willow Pattern." Alice is in her Junior year at Alberta, having previously studied dramatics at the University in Salt Lake City. She is a new-comer on the campus this year.



GORDON SMITH
who chose and directed the winning play this year in the twenty-third annual Interyear Play Competition, "Pyramus and Thisbe" from Midsummer Night's Dream. The adjudicators applauded his choice, as it proved that Shakespeare can be very much enjoyed even today.

Choristers to Present Program Over CKUA

Varsity choir members have been keeping their voices in trim and not allowing any vocal cords to become rusty these past few weeks. Under the direction of Gwyneth Jones, the choristers have been practicing faithfully and diligently, and presenting musical programs to please city audiences.

On January 25, our choir joined the McDougall Church choir at a special student service at McDougall. At this, a double quartette was sung by eight of our students. Immediately after the service, the choir was rushed over to Convocation Hall to present a group of Scandinavian songs to the University Musical Club.

On February 5, the choir attended the evening service at Buchanan United Church, singing the anthem, "God So Loved the World," and a quartet, "In Heavenly Love Abiding."

The next activity planned by Miss Jones and her musical group is a half-hour broadcast over CKUA for the "Evergreen and Gold." This will take place on February 18. The program will be comprised of favorite sacred and secular songs, with several specialty numbers. So don't forget to tune in on February 18, CKUA, to hear the Varsity Choir.

Results of Drama Voting Rates Willow Pattern Most Popular Play

Pulleyblank, Ackroyd Best Performers

	Fri.	Sat.	Total
Best Actor:			
Bob Pulleyblank	116	113	229
Jack Yates	35	70	105
Jim Spillios	39	55	94
Orville Stratte	2	13	15
Ernie Gander	5	9	14
Peter Petraschuk	1	5	6
Sverre Solberg	1	5	6
Ernie Nix	—	3	3
Francis O'Hara	—	2	2
Bill Bothwell	—	1	1
Best Actress:			
Alice Ackroyd	68	76	144
Mary Watson	58	68	126
Alta Mitchell	36	51	87
Dorothy Ward	31	30	61
Louise Roseborough	6	3	9
Doris McCubbin	1	7	8
Owen Hunt	1	2	3
Ruth Ririe	—	3	3
Roma Ballhorn	1	1	2
Ellen Randle	—	2	2
Evelyn Johnston	—	1	1
Marion Moss	1	—	1
Best Play:			
The Romance of the Willow Pattern	78	175	253
Pyramus and Thisbe	51	45	96
The Great Dark	39	45	84
The Old Lady Shows Her Medals	42	9	51

Ticket Sale for SENIOR Opens on Valentine's Day

According to word received from Bill Bothwell, president of the Senior Class, the Senior Formal will be held on Friday, February 18, from 9 to 12, at the Macdonald Hotel. Although called the Senior Formal, this dance is actually semi-formal—no straight jackets will be worn by men, while ladies are requested to slip into their smoothest and slinkiest.

The affair promises to outshine any previous senior class sponsored dances—the scene will be the main ballroom of the Mac, the mood will be supplied by Maestro Frank McCleavy and his orchestra. The program is a neat affair, which will be cherished as a souvenir of the old Alma Mater, especially by those who are leaving the campus this year. Free bus service to and from will be supplied.

Tickets, which can be had for the very conservative fee of two dollars per couple, will go on sale as follows: Seniors, Monday, Feb. 14; Juniors, Tuesday, Feb. 15; and Sophomores and Freshman, Wednesday, Feb. 16.

If you are one of the unfortunate creatures who happens to have a quiz scheduled for February 19, get that course whipped into shape this week-end, or better still, use wiles and shyness to convince your professor that he should change the date of said quiz. But above all, don't miss the Senior Formal.

GLASSES

Lost, a pair of glasses in brown leather case. Name on inside cover of case. Finder please Phone 34676, Judy Shapiro, or return to Gateway office. Reward.

at this stage should be entirely Canadian. Watch The Gateway for the actual reports of the conference.

Govier, Morrison Hopeful For Post-War Industry

By Nancy Thompson

On Wednesday, Feb. 9th, the Philosophical Society heard two most interesting and most important papers, given by Mr. G. W. Govier of the Department of Civil and Municipal Engineering, and Dr. J. L. Morrison of the Department of Chemistry, University of Alberta. The lecture, in which Mr. Govier spoke on "Chemical Production in War" and Dr. Morrison on "Social Implications of Chemical Production," was very much appreciated,

as several members stated in the discussion following. Mr. Govier, in speaking on his part of the topic, "Chemical Production in War," defined "Chemical Industries" as those including the group of basic chemical or chemical manufacturing industries, and the group of chemical consuming industries or process industries. The sub-industries of the basic chemical industries are the heavy chemical industries and the fine chemicals. The chemical process industries include a great many industries, such as manufacturing of fertilizers, pulp and paper, glass and ceramics, petroleum products, paint and varnish, rayon and synthetic products, sugar, explosives, rubber goods and plastics. Only a very small fraction of the production of the chemical industries could be classified as substitute materials.

Sat. Nite May Be Your Last Chance —Don't Miss It

House Dance Committee Still Trying

And so another Saturday night has almost rolled around—and with it comes another House Dance. This will be your opportunity to show that you really want the house dances continued by putting in an appearance. Get your gang together and drag them out. You are bound to have a good time if enough of the students take enough interest and want to have a good time. We understand that if no support is given at this dance, the committee in charge will discontinue the regular Saturday night house dances. This will indeed be a pity. Perhaps the Saturday night supper dance at the Mac is all right for a few plutocrats (and how many of the fellows around here place themselves in that category—not every Saturday night, anyway!)—the Barn, too, is fine, for those brave enough to go there on Saturday. That just leaves the house dances for the majority of the students—but naturally, if only a handful of people take an interest in them, they will follow in the tracks of so many of the other things which we have grown to associate with the University. So here's your chance to show whether you want house dances continued. Go to the house dance Saturday. If you don't show up, the committee will know that you don't want them to be continued. We're sure you want them, though, so show your spirit, and—come to the House Dance!

ORGAN RECITAL PROGRAM

Sunday, Feb. 13th, at 4 p.m.
Prelude in C Minor Seth Bingham
Adagio in E Major Frank Bridge
Berceuse Arthur Poister
In Paradisum Henry Mulet
Postlude for musical festival
Henry Ley
Choral-Prelude Harold Darke
Scherzo E. G. Bairstow
Allegretto Percy Whitlock
Chant de Mai Joseph Jorgen
Introduction, Passacaglia and Fugue Healey Willan

LADY'S WRIST WATCH
Found in Drill Hall. Phone Hu Harries, 33086.

Clean Out Your Closet --We Need Magazines

Bright and early next Monday morning, February 14th, you will witness the beginning of a campaign that will be bigger and better than any campaign ever was before; you will be exhorted, implored, beseeched and otherwise prevailed upon to bring as many magazines as you can score up around the ancestral mansion, boarding house, poolroom, hall closet, or wherever you happen to live, hang you hat, park your chassis—in short, your GHQ.

One need not dwell at length on the necessity of supplying servicemen with recreation material, particularly magazines. The University students should make themselves responsible for a good supply where it is most necessary. We all know how restricted are the recreation facilities in this town; after being beaten about the head and shoulders for a few Saturday nights, we know that this town is booming in more ways than one.

You know that there is a need for magazines, and we know that you can bring some. What do you do when you aren't at the movies or asleep or shooting crap or studying? Yes, we know; well, bring them along after you're finished with them. Verily, even unto the last "Esquire"; and thy most horrible "Gruesome Romances," etc. You will be confronted next week with large boxes in all public places on the campus. These are not bear-traps meant to snare the sleepy eight o'clock scholar, but containers for the magazines you will bring.

The boys running this campaign are the executive of the Dental Undergraduate Society:

President: Alan MacDougall.
Vice-Pres: Alec Fernet.
Secretary: Cliff Harrison.
Council Rep: Wilf Cotter.
First Year Rep: Ed Lappa.

They have been beating their gums and running themselves ragged for the last week working on this project, and their efforts deserve the whole-hearted support of the student body. Posters by Pulleyblank will grace the halls of learning, and slogans and loudspeakers will remind you.

So, come on, stud!

Magazines = Relaxation For The Armed

THE GATEWAY



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF GERRY LARUE
BUSINESS MANAGER MORLEY TANNER

Day Editor Lois Knight
News Editor Helen Plasteras
Women's Editor Sylvia Rowan
Sports Editor Bill Clark
Assistant Sports Editor Archie Campbell
Women's Sports Editor Helen McDougall
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THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

It is with hesitation that we consider a follow-up to last week's editorials and headline story. We do not wish to start a verbal feud with anyone. Still, since we have claimed that Council "muddles," it seems necessary for us to offer even more conclusive evidence for the statement than that which has already been presented.

To answer Council's letter, which is printed on page five of this issue of The Gateway, we feel we are taking unfair advantage of our position, for we have Council's letter here before us and can offer our rebuttal at once. We feel that in all fairness we should wait till next issue to answer, but that would prolong the matter over too great a period of time. Therefore we will deal with it now.

Primarily let us clarify the meaning of the word "muddles." We took the third meaning offered in our office dictionary—"to handle in a bungling manner"—as being applicable. We feel that some members of Council have not been made conscious of the importance of their office, and therefore have not been executing that office to the best of their ability. Some members have not been conscientious, and when these members are influential in making decisions which affect student welfare, then Council usually bungles or muddles.

The smooth manner in which Council tries to ease over the matter of the Magazine Drive is amusing. The suggestion was made to Council in good faith. We were aware of the need for reading material for the men in the armed forces. We know personally of men who have been posted for long periods of time in the remote districts of the Yukon, and who have been brought back from their posts in straight jackets because they did not have enough to occupy them in their leisure time. We are not saying that magazines would have saved them from mental collapse, but we do know that magazines were few and far between at that particular place. Therefore we suggested that perhaps the students would be willing to help provide reading material for our soldiers, and would contribute their magazines. Council's attitude was lack-a-daisical and inane. Since The Gateway thought of it, let The Gateway have it. We accepted their offer and phoned the Treasurer, Mr. Frank Murphy, to secure financial help to purchase collection stands and display material. In the meantime, the Dental faculty had decided that this was something which they could handle—and after a short discussion between Mr. Wilf Cotter and The Gateway, a plan of action was decided upon. That is the true background of the Magazine Drive. Council thought it was funny.

Council objects to the word "shelved," but do they know its meaning? It means in one sense "to put aside" and that is exactly what Council did—put several matters aside for consideration. Whether or not such action was warranted is another matter.

Council objects to the way in which the article was written, but we assure them that it is perfectly legitimate—although a by-line would have been appropriate. Since a by-line was not printed, the full responsibility for the article rests with the Editor-in-Chief, and this responsibility he is willing to assume. After

News and Views
From Other U's

Canadian University Press

ESSENTIALS

Under the heading, "Yes, We Have No Essentials," in the Manitoban: "There will be a good many jobs for this year's graduates, there will be some officers appointments, but it must be evident to all students who adopt a realistic attitude that a crying need for University graduates no longer exists. The Canadian public, too, will soon come to realize this. A very considerable number of our class '44 are going to end up as privates, A.C. 2's or ordinary seamen."

If this is the case, as it surely seems to be, then it is high time the government adopted a more positive policy toward Canadian Universities. Many have considered the past policy of the government in this respect to be one of laissez faire. Perhaps so—perhaps the policy has been satisfactory—but be that as it may, the conditions which supposedly necessitated this policy have changed.

Regulations are in the immediate offing which will eliminate certain "non-essential" courses. More rigid restrictions are now necessary. Only a considerable reduction in the number of students attending universities is justifiable on the basis of present needs. Whether the new regulations will be another half-hearted attempt to satisfy the public, and perhaps keep the province of Quebec satisfied (as our author of "Apathy" suggested), remains to be seen. One thing is certain, we have few "essentials" today.—L.M.D.

ATHLETICS

Both Toronto and McGill have been trying to raise the flagging interest in sports by having what is called "Athletic Festivals." This week at McGill a crack basketball squad from Middlebury College in Vermont is visiting the campus and will highlight the sports program which will also have boxing and wrestling performances. A dance is to follow, featuring Blake Sowell's orchestra.

LAB.

For the benefit of the House Ecceers in Chem. 58 we print the following from the Brunswickian on how to live in a lab, and like it, or as they call it, "Labs." Their Merits: "When it comes to the point of writing in the notebook they say: 'Now you are ready to calculate. This requires time. First take the amount of the mixture used, the volume of noise in the room, your weight and multiply together. Add to this the temperature of water at 32 degrees and the number of villages captured by the Russians that day. Multiply your answer by the time of day (Absolute) and subtract the number of matches used in lighting the Bunsen Burner. Divide your results by 22.4. You always divide by 22.4. I guess it is tradition.' For a more accurate answer, we would add the log of the number of minutes spent at Little Tuck."

IDEAL FUTURE

A poll taken at Queen's among the co-eds reveals that 46% of the 280 girls interviewed prefer a career before marriage, 42.5% prefer marriage only, and 11.5% prefer marriage combined with a career.

INEFFICIENT

The I.S.S. Committee at the University of British Columbia have written a letter in the Ubysey criticizing the Students' Council. After three months of planning, the I.S.S. Committee announced its program last week, and then the Council suddenly realized that elections had to come off during that week which could not be postponed. "The thousands of students, some of them from our own alma mater, who are helped by I.S.S. funds were not even considered. . . All this because we have a council who cannot see beyond its nose, and who has no sense of responsibility to anything that is really worth while and progressive," says the letter.

SQUIBS

At McGill there is to be a combined Med-Plumber Ball featuring Matt Kenny and his Western Gentlemen. . . \$1,500 was raised at Toronto for the I.S.S. by enthusiastic tagging, a street dance, and visiting stars of the production "Dough Girls" appearing at a Toronto theatre. . . A third year Economics was chosen as Queen of the annual Ice Carnival at U. of Manitoba. . . We noticed that the "works" of our own Drake Shelton, "After-Math and Other Subjects," was printed in the McGill Daily. . . The Arts Ball at Toronto also boasts Matt Kenny as the orchestra for the occasion. . . The election of a bond queen is taking place at the University of Omaha. . . Fraternities at U. of B.C. raised \$2,000 for the Red Cross from the proceeds of their Ball. At the same affair a pre-med girl won a brown squirrel fur coat donated by R. J. Pop.

having attended the majority of Council meetings this term, he agrees that a number of Council members could be adequately replaced by zombies. Neither the report of the meeting nor the editorials were written in a spirit of animosity. They were written to point out a failing—an apathetic Council directing student affairs.

We have made suggestions to Council in the past, some of which they have considered and others which they have neglected. Do you recall the week the Class elections failed so miserably, and Council blamed The Gateway. We suggested at that time that they should make use of the public address system and banners to help advertise student functions. How many banners have you seen? How many times have you heard the P.A. system? And how many students are attending the house dances, athletic functions, and so on? Surely that suggestion was constructive.

Council did not deal with the entire article. They did not explain why they considered using last year's surplus to finance the I.S.S.; but then, that is a ticklish matter.

We could go on and confirm our beliefs in other ways, but we feel this will not be necessary if the students will undertake to attend some of the Students' Council meetings. Perhaps if a few students did attend it might have the effect of awakening Council, and making it conscious of the fact that it has a responsibility to fulfill.

FACULTY ON THE SPOT

Why Study Modern Languages?

By Dr. Francis Owen

Department of Modern Languages

Of all the nations in the Western Hemisphere, Canada and the United States have in the past been the least language conscious. In spite of the fact that theoretically Canada is a dual language country, there has been on the part of High School and University students a very languid interest in the study and mastery of the French language, and still less interest in other modern languages.

The day of nationalistic isolation is gone, and any nation persisting in an isolationist policy after the present war will do so to its own disadvantage. But an international outlook makes many demands, demands which the present generation of students will not be able to meet unless there is a change in attitude. Rehabilitation schemes, foreign markets, working together to secure and maintain peace among the nations mean an understanding of the economic problems and the cultures of other peoples, and there is no satisfactory way of attaining this understanding except through a knowledge of foreign languages. The present status of the knowledge of foreign languages is woefully inadequate to the need.

There are many reasons why foreign languages should be studied. In all advanced commercial and scientific activities a knowledge of at least one or more foreign languages is, I would say, absolutely essential. The beginner does not always realize this until it is too late, and we consequently find at all post-graduate institutions classes being given in elementary French and German for graduate students who should be devoting their time to other subjects.

The cultural reasons for the study of foreign languages are obvious. Not all the great works in art, literature and music have been or will be the product of English speaking peoples. A knowledge of the culture of other peoples is not only a source of personal enjoyment, but also necessary for the proper appreciation of peoples speaking other languages. Lack of this appreciation and consequent misunderstanding produces friction and a narrow nationalistic outlook which in turn are the cause of wars.

In the past the main emphasis in Canada has been laid on French, which is right and proper in a country such as Canada. In second place has been German because of its literary and scientific importance. But the restriction to these two languages in our foreign language studies will in the future not be sufficient. If we are to develop, as planned, much more extensive relations with the Republics of South America there will be an insistent need for a more widespread knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese. It is obvious that the Russian language is going to be of tremendous importance in the post-war world. The future importance of Chinese in the Far East is equally obvious. At the present time there are very few in Canada whose native language is English or French who have a working knowledge of Spanish, Russian or Chinese. Are we going to do anything to remedy this state of affairs?

Of course, I do not mean that every student in an institution of higher learning should be expected to master all these languages. That would be quite impossible in the great majority of cases. But at the present time facilities for the study of either Russian or Chinese are not even available in the great majority of Canadian Universities, and the status of Spanish is not much better.

In the case of the two languages which are studied, French and German, eighty-five percent of the students are taking instruction because they have to, not because they have any interest in the subject. After they have satisfied the requirements they proceed to forget all about it, and in a few years time can scarcely even read a line of either language. This is surely a waste of time. Even fifteen minutes a day would do wonders in retaining and adding to what has already been learned. The class attitude is quite plainly: what good is this going to do me? Let's get it over with and get on to something more important. Yet at the same time our students think that from their ranks will come the future leaders of the country. They have been told so often enough. Perhaps this universal ignorance of other peoples and the universal disinclination to learn anything about other peoples is one of the reasons why we have been so poorly led in the past.

A word about the teaching of foreign languages, and here it is necessary to be objective and take into consideration the conditions as they exist in this province, for example. It would be ideal if all students coming to the University had a good speaking and reading knowledge of at least one foreign language. We know this is not the case. Lack of interest in Modern Languages in the schools, not enough properly trained teachers, overloaded programs of teaching and of study, large classes, lack of time and lack of facilities as well as lack of interest on the part of the pupils—all have played their part in bringing about the existing situation. Then some of these graduates of the High Schools come to the University, are required to study a language for one or two years, three periods a week for less than seven months in classes that are usually twice too large for effective teaching, and critics wonder why they can't speak the foreign language and often can't even read it with any degree of ease.

Figure out how much time is actually devoted to the language in an academic year, and you have the answer to the unsatisfactory results. Learning a foreign language costs "blood, sweat and tears," and there never will be any other way of acquiring that knowledge in spite of all the fast and painless methods which have been at times advocated.

Of course, the main function of the University should be to teach the literature and culture of the people speaking what is to us a foreign language. Instead of doing that we spend most of our time teaching the elements of the language as a basis for the foreign language instruction. It is clear that the situation is impossible. The remedy? The remedy is going to cost money. Are those who pay the taxes going to be willing to provide the money, and after providing the money, are they going to be willing to wait ten years to see the results?

It would not be particularly difficult to provide well-trained teachers for the secondary schools, but it might cost a little money in scholarships for travelling in order to complete the language training. But when the teachers are qualified to teach modern languages they should not be set to work teaching mathematics and general science, as is now too often the case, and they should be paid enough to encourage them to stay at the job. Then, if the pupils were officially encouraged to study modern languages, we might in time recover from the abysmal parochialism from which we suffer. In my opinion, it is along these

correspondence

Advice On House Dances

Feb. 4, 1944.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—It would indeed be a pity if House Dances, too, were to be lost. What are the reasons for the apparent lack of support of these by the students? I think they are these:

(1) On a Saturday night, students want more than the house dances offer in the way of music and entertainment.

(2) The house dance committee is not pushing them hard enough nor in the right direction.

The faults are easily remedied. The house dance committee, headed by Don G., should not say in their dull little announcements, "Excellent music provided by D. Graves," and appealing in a half-hearted way, "Come to the house dance Saturday night."

The editors had the right idea in their article entitled "Dears, come to the house dance Stag." The following house dance had very good attendance, with a dozen stag girls and twenty odd stag males. Great fun was had by all. I believe the students still want a chance to meet more of their fellows, and no better chance is there for this than at house dances with lots of stags of both sexes.

In the days of residence, an unsuccessful house dance was unheard of. Most of the crowd was stag. True, every one lived closer and street cars were not needed. But no dance was a greater success this year than the Engineer-House Ecce mixer. No one went as couples, two hundred and twenty students turned out. This should illustrate my point.

My advice to the House Dance Committee (and to all students) is: house dances will be a success if, and only if, you can survive the stag line. Give it some publicity and push it.

Regarding the statement, "Not enough takings to pay the orchestra." Council might have to spend a little money. So what? Summer school, with its limited enrolment, can afford to put on house dances twice a week, hire an eight-piece orchestra, issue guest invitations to every student, and charge no admission fee! And Council with a thousand dollar surplus last year!

House dances can and should be an important part of University social life. The students and the

house committee should get behind them and push.

SENIOR STUDENT.

From East . . .

Chatham, N.B.

Dear Sir:

First of all, I would like to thank whoever is responsible for sending The Gateway regularly to me. U. of A. doings will always be of great interest to me, and The Gateway is an excellent contact. There are several ex-U. of A. boys down here who enjoy the paper, too. At present it takes a very roundabout way, and I was wondering if you could please have my address brought up to date.

This is a very good station, and I am enjoying my stay here. Our only complaint is that we are very isolated and are rapidly becoming "bushed." However, we are kept very busy, and haven't time to worry too much about that.

Hoping you have a successful year, I'll say cheerio for now.

Sincerely,

DOUG TAYLOR.

. . . To West

Victoria, B.C.

Editor, The Gateway.

May I take this opportunity to thank you and the Students' Union for the copies of your paper which you have so kindly sent me this year. I enjoy reading The Gateway, not only for the interesting events at the University, but also for the many experiences reported of former students now in the armed forces.

I hope I continue to receive your excellent paper.

Sincerely,

F. L. CRAWFORD.

(Pharmacy '40).

Individual Responsibility

In proportion as individuals in all countries of the world rise to an appreciation of their own interest in and relationship to the world community, institutions suitable for performing the functions of the world community will be created and will develop a power which will enable them to meet their grave responsibilities.—Prof. Quincy Wright.

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are you kidding, judy?

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Judy went to Varsity. Judy was scared, thrilled, frightened, awed and afraid when she started. There were so many things she didn't know. Now she has forgotten even the few things she did know.

When Judy came up here, she thought that Varsity was still the fashion-show of old. She didn't know that you wear the blue skirt and green sweater on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and the red sweater and plaid skirt on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. What was she going to do with that third sweater? However, she was happy in the insurance of being quite in the mode. For basketball she brought all her play togs—a sweat shirt and slacks. You should see yourself in slacks, Judy! Oh, brother!

Yes, Judy, the boys and girls all loved you dearly. They were just as dumb as you, and you fitted right in with them. I doubt whether you ever did find your way to A425, but I can testify that you spent lots of time in the library. Oh, yes, I watched and heard you, gaily jab-

bering away at five other simple-minded females while I was trying to write a history essay. As for the profs, they're only human beings, and they do get a little tired of answering all your silly questions.

You got quite a shock, didn't you, Judy, when you realized that you still couldn't sleep through every lecture. It wasn't much fun to have to stay home one night every two weeks in order to get those foolish assignments done. And copying your pal's notes didn't work so well either, after she started to accompany you to Tuck during English. And you never could figure out what Poli Ec. was all about. Remember going to the infirmary for three days after eating the cake you made in House Ec.? You still don't know the formula for ethyl alcohol, and who gives a "gol darn" about the difference between Dorian and Ionian columns anyway. You never wanted to go to Varsity anyhow, so why should you have gone to those "How to Study" lectures and listen to a lot of high-faluting words that you wouldn't have understood.

"Blaze trails in our generation's unexplored lands"? Don't hand me that! Maybe to please your dad; maybe to catch a man when he's off-balance; maybe to get a couple of new evening gowns. But to "know at the bitter rind of knowledge" (whatever that may mean), to prepare yourself for a fuller future life, to develop your mind, to grow up—not you, Judy.

Frankly, I'm glad you got kicked out at Christmas.

P.S.—I don't know who wrote "Judy Goes to Varsity," but I want to assure her that no offense is meant. Just a difference of opinion.

A STUDE LIVING AT HOME

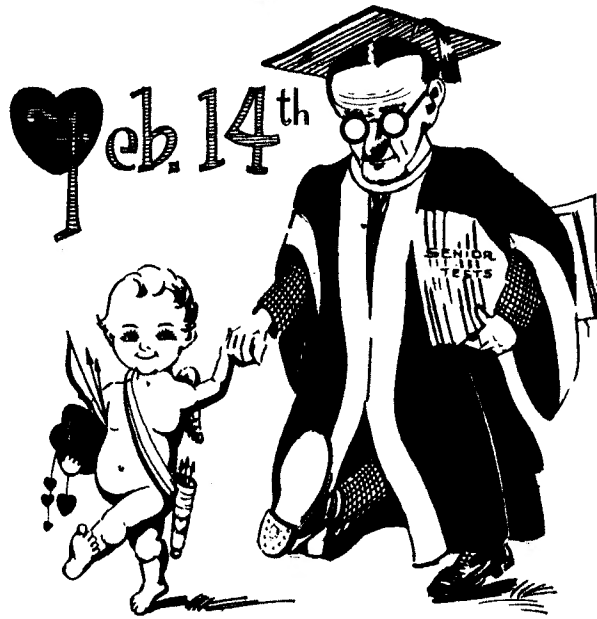
At last, I was in a dim-lit nite club with Pat Halloran, what a thrill. Suddenly, ominous sounds fell on my ears. "Chomp, chomp, Ptui!"... the lights went on, and in my arms was Tobacco Rhoda! Needless to say, I woke up screaming. The irate parent stomped into my boodwah and hurled the offending alarm-clock at my defenceless derriere. This is merely the first step in a gruelling procedure occurring regularly at 6:20 a.m. The next is that the bed collapses in a heap on the floor. (It's like this; the alarm goes off, I throw it out from beside my ear, it yanks a string that is attached to a pulley system which unhinges a delicate mechanism down in the dusty depths beneath the bed. Result is that the bed falls apart.) When the bed falls down it pulls a string that tips a pail of ice water over my prostrate form. These calamities impress upon my subconscious that it is necessary to rise, the bed being too cold and clammy for further occupancy. So I mince daintily across the room in my Lana Turner pyjamas, and inspect the morning shrubbery. The horrifying sight causes me to plug in my Miniature Muscle Man Lawnmower Apparatus (adv't.), which has an action like a combine and leaves the whisks in neat stacks, all over my face. I rake them up, point the thinning locks all the same way, and hopefully nose through the closet to see what the rag-man rented me this week. The ol' barrel is getting draughty these days, so I compromise on battered tweed slacks and an ancient tailcoat. These labors having created an aching void in the inner man, I grope through to the kitchen (knocking over two flower pots, upsetting the piano, and stepping on the cat's tail) and stumble to the licker vault. But alas, the ol' man has sworn off drinking before breakfast, and keeps the key around

his neck anyway. So I have to compromise on strong coffee. It's so strong that it crawls out of the first cup, so I resort to a beer mug with a one-way lead pipe attached. This liquid refreshment assembles the ol' mentality, and so perceiving I have exactly 2 minutes 38 seconds to catch the bus, I press the button that opens the doors and rolls back the carpets between me and the street, then I skid out of the house on my specially greased runways, complete with my well-worn copy of "Red Hot Mechanics or Physics Made Easy" (plug). My track shoes hang on a convenient bush, and I make the eight blocks to the bus stop in record time, namely, 2 minutes 25 seconds.

Then, of course, I stuff my ticket into the busman's mouth (that being the sum total of his visible anatomy), wind myself around a rail and hang on while the next forty people push in. Meanwhile, my lunch-box bounces a helpless damsel of half a century in the noggin, and my Red Hot Mechanics is avidly seized and perused by the ditch digging individual under the seat. In spite of all tribulations, however, our hero succeeds in beating a few old ladies and babies (wow, some babes, too!) out of the way and transferring to a street car; with a flinty glare from the conductor when I dropped my plate into the ticket box... it had snapped shut on my transfer (horrid habits that contraption has!). The only seat in sight was the conductor's lap, so who was I to stand up? I did, though, but fast. A mean hook that woman had. Then came the dear old Varsity bus, of song and story... we won't go into that. But, so help me, my feet didn't touch the ground till I hit the Arts rotunda.

And they say eight o'clock classes are so stimulating...

WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE?



VALENTINE VESPERS

As I put my hair up in front of the mirror, I decided that the next Valentine's Day would be different. I thought pessimistically of a little verse I had heard that went—

"Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
Honey was sweet
And sugar was too."

The bedraggled spectacle in front of the mirror was a horrible imitation of that little verse. I looked just as if the war had done a bad job on me, too—and a heck of a job, I thought.

You used to be able to get honey before the war. You used to be able to get a lot of things, too, like cold cream, curlers and elastic panties. All the books said that we girls should help keep up the morale of our boys by always looking our prettiest. Well, I tried—but somehow, getting up at 8 o'clock every morning and then studying all day, my hair got straighter and straighter, and every time I curled my hair a bobby pin snapped, until now they're all gone, and I'm so busy with all my books that I never get time to drop around to all the stores and ask them humbly with a tear or two in my eyes if they haven't seen a bobby pin or two lately. And they

look at me with sheer horror, as if I was a menace to the war effort by even thinking of such a thing.

And I had a toothpaste tube—but my room-mate left it in the lavatory, so I suppose that has gone toward the war effort, too.

But never mind—in spite of the grotesque creature mimicking me from the mirror's glossy depths, I shall fasten that little red ribbon I sneaked off my dad's red flannels into a pretty little bow for my hair, and kneel down by my bed in profuse prayer for better times to come.

Please, God, give me a few bobby pins—I need them so. And please, God, make me be able to concentrate on my homework on Saturday nights, when I study so that people won't think I am shirking the war effort.

And please make me pretty overnight, so that next year I can be somebody's valentine. I used to be a lanky freckled kid, and I got to be 18 the war broke out, and now all my bobby pins have gone, and I still can't look pretty. All the big girls have curly hair, and mine has to be straight.

I'm just a little "freshy," God, and nobody wants me—can't I be a priority, or something?

Committee Appeals To Student Sense of Duty in Campaign

To Compile Statistics On Faculty Donations

By now many of you are probably aware that there is a campaign going for blood donors for the Red Cross Clinic downtown. The Students' Union set up a committee to get it going. This committee consisted of Roma Ballhorn and Iain Younger for the Students' Council. They have gathered together posters which will be put up shortly, and have negotiated the presidents of the girls and boys clubs and fraternities for their co-operation. There will be put up several enrollment forms on which the students are asked to put their name, phone number, and address. And when all the names are obtained, it is proposed that the students be sent to the clinic in shifts. It will be interesting to see which faculties will make the most donations.

An opportunity now presents itself to every man and woman at the University to play a real part in this war. If the present war has taught us anything, it has taught us

that preparedness is essential to a successful outcome. The lesson of Pearl Harbor is one which must never be forgotten. There was general unreadiness from the point of view of surprise, but fortunately there has been preparedness as far as life saving has been concerned. This state of readiness was due to the foresight of the Canadian Red Cross Society, which by anticipating heavy casualties in modern warfare, has been prepared to meet the situation by laying in large supplies of blood for transfusion purposes, donated voluntarily by thousands of Canadian men and women anxious to serve in this way. It is not advisable to wait until an event has occurred before preparing to avert its consequences. If men and women want to help, this is the time, not later.

This appeal is not to your emotions—it is to your sense of duty.

"This new room-mate of mine studies a lot."

"Patience, old man, you can easily break him of that habit."—Penn. State Froth.

She (at the prom)—Would you mind if I danced this next one with Bill?

Escort—Not at all not at all! She—You needn't say it so enthusiastically.—Green Gold.

VOX STUDENTI

... by YEHUDI

Well, even with all this winter weather, Cupid must still be under the impression that spring is just around the corner. Love is still blooming in big quantities. June-Ray Joslyn and Judy Reynolds both received sparklers last week. Isobel Sinclair has set the big day for February 14th. And your old pal is not sure about Jean Kaiser. Bob Fraser and Bernice Butteris are seen together a lot. Nice to have him out of the infirmary again, eh Bernice?

Speaking of the infirmary, we heard that one of the inmates received a small rubber plant for a present. An outsider was heard to remark that the patient must be in for a long stretch.

Valentine's Day is coming closer, fellows. Hope you are doing your duty by the little girl friend. She might even ask you to the House Ec. dance (I'm hopin'). My kid sister said that there were some pretty ones down at Steen's. Yehudi saw Gordie Weir furtively going into Merrick's drug store the other day. He glanced over the Valentines while nervously glancing out of the window. 'Fraid the fellas would see you, Gordie? Bill Step, Bill French and Jim McBride have also been caught contemplating the same move. Oh, well, don't worry, boys, your old friend Yehudi always keeps everything to himself (and The Gateway readers). Now, as for our Editors Valentine activities, well... (Censored).

Just heard a funny story about some Varsity boy who hadn't heard the big news about Isobel Sinclair. He phoned her up to go to the plays Friday night. Too bad she was engaged.

Yehudi received some fan mail the other day. Things are really picking up for your old pal, recognition at last. But—would whoever wrote it please

send an interpreter over? Anyway, here it is for all my admiring (?) public to read:

Address: Yehudi, care of Gateway Office.
"To Whom it May Concern, mainly the girls of the Geology class: In answer to the many, many questions concerning that silent, dangerous campus hero, here's the real dope—the straight goods!"

Hint No. 1: He may be silent—but didn't you know: No geologists are dangerous.

"He" is a geologist.

Ergo: "He" is not dangerous.

Hint No. 11: Flash! The "motherly approach" works wonders with this type. You know, the "Don't-forget-your-hankie" angle.

And as for the little co-ed who once sighed, "Gee, but I'll bet he holds hands nice!"—well, I wouldn't exactly know, but if you find out in the course of the "motherly" technique, please let me know! Also, it has been rumored that borrowing Zoo notes is helpful—but don't let it get suspicious.

But for any further information I would strongly recommend the advice of Dr. Rutherford, that tired and true Dorothy Dix of the campus."

Well, hope you are all busy with the old books for the coming pre-final nerve jarrers (tests). But the weather certainly is good for skiing.

To pass or to ski, that is the question, Whether 'tis better to break a leg flying down a hill Or to pass those old tests with flying colors, And by cramming conquer them; To pass, to ski... Gee, I've got a Chem. 40 quiz tomorrow, gotta find my books.

S'all for now.

YEHUDI.

Fascinating People . . . Orson Welles

By Shirley Diamond

"Eeeeeek!" cried the young girl as the tears streamed down her frightened face.

"Shhhh!" soothed her mother, "that's not the monster of your story books, it's just Orson Welles with a beard."

Bogey-man Welles no longer frightens little girls, for Hollywood has harnessed his terrific energies into the manufacture of interesting celluloid. Although his recent activities have kept him on America's front pages, I think Orson Welles' childhood provides the most interest.

Unlike Topsy, Orson Welles didn't just grow. He is the son of a well-to-do eccentric inventor-manufacturer, and a concert pianist. He overcame the medical profession at the age of two. They called him the infant Confucius, because of the wisdom he uttered in polished sentences. At four he was reading Shakespeare and practising magician's tricks; at ten he was making an analytical study of the Greek tragedies.

At nine he eloped with a girl and tried to support her by practising magic on street corners. His biographer reports that in the pinch his best trick, extracting a burning building from a silk handkerchief, failed miserably.

Orson's mother died when the boy was eight, and his dad took him abroad. They returned in a year, and settled down in Dixon, Ill., principally because his dad was pleased with the service at a hotel there and bought the place. Two weeks later it burned down, and within three months the elder Welles died.

Welles' guardian decided that it was time that the wonder boy went to school. He chose Todd Boys' School, largely because it specialized in dramatics. Orson was against the project, but decided to look the place over. When he saw the main theatre of the school, he pronounced it unsuitable for his purposes, and wanted to go home. His guardian replied that the boy could make it over to suit himself. Orson received the theatre, and concluded that he might make something out of it.

The school applied the standard I.Q. test on him, and although he flunked every question in arithmetic, his score was 146. I guess

that makes him a genius (technically). He still can't add or subtract, and it is disastrous to leave him alone with budget figures, which he only rearranges into pretty designs.

During his childhood, Welles ruled out sports in any form because it cut into his time. He kept in trim, however, with the exercise he got in the big dueling and strangling scenes of the Elizabethan drama. At 14, with \$500 in his pocket, he set out on a walking tour of Ireland. In Dublin he went broke, but he remedied that by convincing the manager of the Gate Theatre that he was 25 and a famous New York actor on holiday.

At eighteen, Orson Welles had ceased to be a boy wonder. After his success in Dublin he returned home, expecting to be a Broadway celebrity. But he got into the Algonquin Hotel without being mobbed. He discovered people in the lobby not mentioning him. In Times Square he found larger groups of people not talking about him. For the first time in his life he found himself persecuted by inattention. Orson Welles' years as a cosmic tot had come to an end. At eighteen, failure had made a man of him.

In his journey through manhood Welles has been one of the leading producers, directors, writers and actors of stage, screen and radio. Today, rejected by his draft board because of inverted flat feet and hay fever, Orson Welles stands on one of the higher rungs of the ladder of fame. Let us hope that he never reaches the top, for then there will be only one way for him to go—down.

"So you aren't going to marry that school teacher?"
"No. I couldn't show up one night and she wanted me to bring a written excuse signed by my parents."
—Annapolis Log.

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..... AND EVEN AFTER

"What would I have liked to have known before coming to Varsity?" Here's my two-bits' worth.

In the first place, a great deal of excellent University material is wasted through lack of opportunity or of sufficient funds for the more brilliant students in high school to go on in their studies. In normal times many outstanding students plug away in a garage or a restaurant when their abilities fit them for higher fields. This waste will continue until the present system of bursaries provided by many individuals and by the Dominion and Provincial governments really becomes known and used by promising students all over the country.

Something that dismays many of us is the higher standard prevailing in universities. The average high school student dashes off his assignments with little trouble and expects at least a pass mark. But when little Einstein tries that at a university, particularly this one, he is dismayed by a long list of 30%, 40%, Gamma, "Poor work," etc. Some Freshmen seem to take a long time to realize just what they are up against.

The simplest solution to this situation would be a system of separating prospective university students from the rest of the Grade XII class and giving the course more nearly according to university standards

instead of those of the high school, which are usually geared to the abilities of the slower students. This plan could operate without changes in teaching staff or in the current curriculum; merely by demanding painstaking work and including less of the usual compulsion methods found in many high schools. With a system like this, students would be much more responsible and self-reliant; they would know what to expect, and could act accordingly.

Of course, I was told in grim tones, from home and school, that it was a lot of work, and so forth. But the average Freshman seems to expect a continuation of high school methods of teaching, and fails to realize that he alone is responsible for the amount and quality of his work. The professors aren't going to run after him for his German exercises or give him detentions to make him hand in his Physics problems.

Would also that my mammy done tole me of the pitfalls awaitin' for

the innocent Freshie; of the energetic member who breezes up to you and enthusiastically describes his wonderful club, or how you'll just love archery (or boxing, or swimming), and isn't drama enthralling and so on, ad nauseam. So our poor greenhorn finds himself out most evenings, away from his homework. In that case, he's just on the spot—or out on the sidewalk.

In spite of all shocks, disillusion, etc., most of us managed to navigate between Scylla and Charybdis. But can you blame us for wanting to straighten the path of those that follow?

M. H. K.

There was a young fellow from Wheeling,

Endowed with such delicate feeling,

When he read on the door,

"Don't spit on the floor,"

He jumped up and spat on the ceiling.

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A Layman Comments . . .

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—After listening with a great deal of pleasure to the plays presented by the students of the University, and paying close attention to the adjudication, I confess that I am completely at a loss to understand what "yardstick" is used to arrive at the awards. The remarks made by many others in the auditorium would indicate that they were equally confused.

I quite appreciate the difficult position (quandary might be a better word) the adjudicators would be in, due to the fact that the type of plays presented were so diversified. Two drama, a slapstick comedy, and some well presented recitations.

Your correspondent has been under the impression that the way to determine the qualifications of an actor or actress would be their ability to portray a character other than their own.

The two dramas called for real acting, the portrayal of distinct types. Old people, with foreign accents. In the playing of these parts, had any lines been missed, or the clues fumbled, it would stick out like "a sore thumb" (excuse the colloquialism), and be quickly noticed by the audience. Not so in the comedy. In this play it is quite obvious that the audience were not expected to know what it was all about. Any skipped lines, or fumbled cues, and there were many, were quickly covered up by ad-libbing and slapstick gestures. In the last play we see a pretty girl, colorfully costumed in oriental splendour, reciting a long piece, faultlessly, in an atmosphere enhanced by really attractive settings. It may be that the judges knew that this student was an accomplished elocutionist (which I believe she is); however, the audience would have no way of knowing this, as the part called for very little acting.

It would seem to your correspondent that the judges should arrive at their findings in relation to how difficult or simple the part was. To make a case: would an actor, who played a simple part well, be given higher points than one who played a very difficult part not so well?

"Pyramus and Thisbe" Wins Best Play Award

We should like to put on record the names of the students who gave us two very entertaining evenings on February 4th and 5th. The judges, you will remember, said that the choice of plays was the best in a number of years, and the Freshman Class play was the best production in twenty years. The popular ballot for the best play differed from the judges' decision, as the audience chose "The Romance of the Willow Pattern," and not "Pyramus and Thisbe." Figures as to popular votes on the individual players will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Senior Play
The Old Lady Shows Her Medals
Directed by Molly Hughes and Bernice Thompson

Mary Watson . . . Mrs. Downey
Roma Ballhorn . . . Mrs. Twymley
Ellen Randle . . . The Haggerty Woman
Evelyn Ohnston . . . Mrs. Mickelham
Bill Bothwell . . . Rev.

Junior Play
The Romance of the Willow Pattern
Directed by Jim Spillios

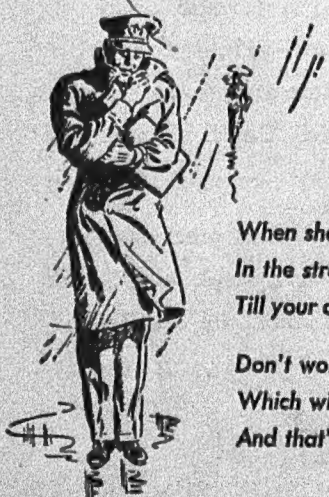
Jim Spillios . . . Chang
Alice Ackroyd . . . Koong-See
Sverre Solberg . . . Mandarin
Francis O'Hara . . . Property Man
Ruth Ririe . . . Incense Bearer

Sophomore Play
Pyramus and Thisbe
Revisions by Drake Shelton, directed by Gordon Smith

Bob Pulleyblank Bottom or Pyramus

For Active Service
Anywhere
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Don't work up a hate
Which will ruin your date —
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CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"

Wins Popular Vote



JIM SPILLIOS

who took the leading male role in "The Romance of the Willow Pattern," as well as directing this comic-fantasy. Jim is well-known to Edmontonians, as he has acted in Little Theatre productions in the city. He played under his direction this year won the popular vote in the balloting.

If adjudicators continue to "thumb down" dramas, which take a great deal of work to produce, this type of play will disappear from all competitions and festivals, and the field will be left to slapstick comedies and fantasies, which would be unfortunate.

Were this layman weighed down with the responsibility of making the awards, the award for the best actor would likely remain where it is, as none of the other plays provided much opportunity for the male performer to show his wares. Perhaps the best actress would not be changed, but, if not, the margin would be very thin, and she would be crowded with close competition from more than one direction.

The play which won the award would be definitely placed at the bottom of the list.

NO AXE TO GRIND

As The Adjudicators Saw It

pyramus and thisbe . . .

. . . Sophomore class play critique by Miss Mamie S. Simpson

"Full of fun and real Shakespearean nonsense, enjoyed by cast and audience alike; a production that the playwright himself would have enjoyed for the true spirit was caught early in the playlet and maintained throughout," might be a brief press account of the Sophomore class presentation of "Pyramus and Thisbe."

Comments on the play itself are unnecessary, for it has withstood the test of centuries. It is in as great demand today with student actors as it ever was. Since it is "fragrant with hilarity," it never fails to give enjoyment.

Seldom, however, has it been done with a true Shakespearean touch as it was under the direction of Mr. Gordon Smith. Even the "revisions" by Drake Shelton were Shakespearean, for did not Shakespeare believe in introducing modern ideas, though the play at hand might be of the period of King Lear. Particularly good was the "pacing off" for position (not achieved the first time); the "call-up"; the modern idea of Bottom making an ass of himself—Three Stars! and Thisbe's

"survey" boots. In the subsidiary action there were some lovely little bits of business carried out by the various members of the cast when they were not in the "limelight." For example, Starving, the Tailor, and his "cut-outs"; Thisbe pulling the sword out of Pyramus's body; and bits of pantomime here and there. Many directors, unfortunately, do not realize that these seemingly minor details are often responsible for the play's success, or otherwise. The members of the cast, too, have learned the value of putting across ideas by means of bodily actions and facial expressions—something worth knowing.

And now the players, each of whom was ideally cast. (Congratulations! Mr. Smith.) Indeed to such an extent that there was not one weak member.

Bob Pulleyblank, as Bottom, and later as Pyramus, was exceptionally good. For the first two or three speeches he was, perhaps, feeling his way a little, but in no time he was truly Bottom, the Weaver. His voice had great range; seemed so

flexible, and at all times was clear. It fitted his every mood and action.

Flute, played by Ernest Gander, was a perfect Thisbe, voice and all. Never once did he slip out of character—difficult in such a part.

Orville Stratte (Quince) in his very make-up was a perfect "director." He was with his cast every moment even when he was on the "sideline." His facial expressions said much.

Janie, the Joiner (Doris McCubbin), "slow of study," was amazingly true to type, especially when she almost "forgot" her lines. Her tail she cleverly manipulated.

And Moonshine (Peter Petraschuk) should be commended for his clarity of voice. Wasn't his dog quite the modern touch!

Finally, Ernest Nix as the Wall was so serious of expression that he positively made one feel he might readily have been as inanimate as a wall itself.

To you, this short account may seem an appreciation rather than a critique. Well, so it is. What other kind of account could anyone write of this production?

the old lady shows her medals . . .

. . . Senior class play critique by Dr. R. K. Gordon

The Seniors did not get off to a very good start. The voices were too busy trying to hear and had no time to enjoy the cockney humor. And not only was the edge of the dialogue blunted by the voices not being loud or sharp enough, but the contrasts of character and status were missed. The social inferiority of Mrs. Haggerty, who knows no better than to say "Saloniky" instead of "Saloniky," was not made clear enough.

What mattered still more was that Mrs. Dowey was not sufficiently set apart from the others. She was inclined to be quiet and wishful and not, as Barrie says she was, "the merriest of the whole clanjamry." Of course, it would have helped if Miss Watson could have managed a marked and consistent Scotch accent. She was content to distinguish herself from the cockneys by keeping her h's and by not saying lidy. The result was that in the early part of the play she was a little colorless. Also, a matter of make-up, not of acting, she looked

too young. You couldn't believe that she had scrubbed London floors for twenty years.

Things picked up as soon as the parson (Bill Bothwell) came in. For one thing, he had a loud cheerful voice which suited the part. From now on everybody's speeches were easier to hear. He also had the right empty benevolent look. His few minutes on the stage made a big difference to the whole performance.

The improvement was continued with the entrance of Pte. Dowey (Jack Yates), who did the best acting in the play and one of the best bits of acting of the whole evening. He had a good presence, but looked a little too spruce. The trenches should have left some stain upon him; and surely in 1915 the Black Watch wore khaki, not scarlet tunics. His Scotch accent was good enough, though rather gentle; but his French pronunciation (Oh, bafeul influence of Dr. Sonet!) was far too refined. In his song, "Louvree" should have

come out with smacking emphasis, and should have rhymed with "improve her." But on the whole Mr. Yates did very well, and in their last scene together, both he and Miss Watson showed the right sort of playful tenderness. But his departure was wrong. Barrie's text makes it quite clear that, though out of sight of the audience, she reaches up and kisses him. But on Saturday night Pte. Dowey walked out as if he were going to the pub next door.

Miss Ballhorn as Mrs. Twymley, Miss Randle as Mrs. Haggerty, and Miss Johnston as Mrs. Mickelham were all better in the second scene than in the first. It would have made a great difference if, from the moment the curtain first went up, they had spoken out loudly and clearly, even if, in doing so, they had had to scrap their cockney accent.

Lastly, what a tiny champagne cork! I suppose it is difficult in wartime to get the real thing.

the romance of the willow pattern . . .

. . . Junior class play critique by Miss Marian Gimby

I cannot remember seeing a one-act play better produced by amateurs than was "The Romance of the Willow Pattern." The play is a slight thing in itself, but it offers scope to the imagination and talents of a producer. Real appreciation and infinite pains made the Junior presentation a beautiful spectacle with magnificent costuming, excellent make-up, appropriate music and most effective lighting. The slow opening in the spirit world, with silhouettes against an arch of ethereal blue, was followed by a play of flashing radiation, where pools of color flooded the play. Chinese costumes, iridescent, glittering; and where retreating shadows suggested the far away and long ago.

The lovers were well cast; they played together with ease and fine restraint. Mr. Spillios was at home in his character, quiet and smooth, with gentle humor. Miss Ackroyd was a lovely Chinese lady, like a flower, frail, modest, mysterious and very young. Her tender expressive face, her delicate hands, her soft clear voice took all our hearts. The property man (Mr. O'Hara) was practically invisible, like a good servant, and the incense bearer (Miss Ririe) grave and stately as a pendulum, passed and repassed in the half-light with a floating banner of incense. Perhaps Mr. Solberg, as the Mandarin, had the most difficult role. He had to be the villain in the piece and to provide comic relief as well. We were amused at his

pompous antics, but we were not terrified, as we sensed no sinister power, and at the climax we felt less pity than surprise.

Only a carping critic would search for little flaws. Once the music rose to a blaze between scenes, at times the spotlights seemed a bit jerky, and once, or more, Mr. Spillios stumbled on his lines. He seemed, too, just a little conscious of his audience.

The play was like a Chinese brush painting, a simple thing perfectly done, exquisite in detail. The audience was enchanted; it preferred this little legend to a famous bit of farce done with gusto, as Shakespeare meant it, for "the groundlings."

the great dark . . .

. . . Freshman class play critique by Dr. W. G. Hardy

In the opinion of the judges this was the best production of any Freshman class since the presentation of Sheila Marryat of "The Bishop's Candlesticks" in 1921. This is not to say that the production was perfect. But the cast did realize the atmosphere and "feel" of the play to a very considerable degree. Since the play is a difficult one for amateurs—six women, their men trapped in a mine, waiting for news in an atmosphere of unrelieved gloom—this considerable measure of success is a tribute to both the cast and the director. In general, one can say that the pace was good throughout, that the interpretations of the various roles were, on the whole, successful, and that the lighting and background were adequate in that they "backgrounded" the play and did not detract from concentration on it.

There were, however, a number of defects in the presentation. In some cases, for instance, the grouping was tangled and awkward, and there was a tendency also in one or two moments for the cast to be strung in a straight line across the stage. On occasion actors were masked. The first scene in the window did not come off, and this was in part due to the "skittery" rush over to it of the actors. The first scene between Rachel Clegg and Mrs. Yates did not come off either, because it was not realized that one yell may be climactic and effective

and a succession of yells destroys the effect and tends to make the audience uncomfortable and embarrassed. Loudness does not equal intensity, and intensity of emotion can be put across better by intensity of posture and voice. One could criticize, also, the final scene between Rachel Clegg and Mrs. Yates. Part of the fault here lies with the playwright, who seemed to feel that she must, in the interests of sweetness and light, end with a reconciliation which rings false. But it might seem also that in the reconciliation scene Mrs. Yates would not have remained stately with her hands limply at her sides, but should have been given some gesture or movement to indicate the reconciliation—e.g., put an arm about Rachel. Rachel herself realized the full value of her part in her later scenes, but in her first entrance was too obviously posed for effect in a sort of Rossetti-ish way, and the result was "dying duck."

As I have said, Dorothy Ward retrieved her role in her later scenes, and did a fine bit of acting here. Special mention should be made of the acting done by Gwen Hunt as Mrs. Mellington and Marion Moss as Mrs. Lomax. Louise Roseborough got the Irish biddy effect very well, and Alta Mitchell, subject to the criticism mentioned, did a quite adequate job in her role. As Mrs. Green Halgh, Doris Barker had less

of an opportunity than the others in the cast, since this character is rather left out of things by the playwright.

In spite of the suggestions made above, however, this Freshman production was an excellent presentation of a difficult play. Both the director and the cast can feel that they did a really good job.

Some Horse

"Don't be afraid of him. He's as gentle as a woman!"
"Er—thanks, I guess I won't ride this morning."—Minn. Ski-U-Hah.

We are entering these six candidates for the contest for the most popular words on the campus: terrible, wonderful, thrilled, awfully, perfectly, and good-looking.

Directs Best Fresh Play



LOIS McLEAN

the director of the Freshman play, "The Great Dark." Lois was congratulated by the adjudicators, who said that the play was the best Freshman production in twenty years. From the results of her first effort at U. of A., her career in the Dramatic Society looks very promising.

A Director Apologizes . . .

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Before sending you this letter, I showed it to a few friends, who cautioned me that if it were published, most people would misinterpret it as the expression of a disappointed contestant in the Interyear plays. But as I was neither a contestant nor disappointed in the Interyear plays, I am taking my chances that "most people" will be as tolerant and understanding in reading this letter as they were when witnessing the performances of the "Romance of the Willow Pattern."

When I chose this play, I well realized with the Dramat Executive that this play was hardly one for competitive purposes. The sole aim of the play and its performance was the presentation to the University of a sample of Chinese drama. When I had finally gathered a cast we discussed the play again, and we came to the conclusion that this play hadn't a chance of winning for three main reasons:

(a) One adjudicator could interpret it as a comedy.

(b) Another adjudicator could interpret it as a fantasy.

(c) There was no basis of comparison between it and the other plays. The conventions were so alien to the other plays. (As a matter of dramatic fact, there is a basis, but we can't expect it to be found in the U. of A.)

Thus, in presenting the play the sole aim was to give the University a sample of Chinese drama. As far as acting honors were concerned, we knew that was out also, as we couldn't have a chance to defeat the audience and adjudicators with shrieks and bellows, nor stamp our feet and windmill our arms in any directions our caprice directed. Thus the sole aim in presenting the play, was to give the University a sample of Chinese drama.

We agreed with the adjudicators that Alice Ackroyd should receive the best actress award, from accounts we received from members of the audience. We agreed that Bob Pulleyblank did a good job and deserved the actor's award. And, of course, we agreed that Pyramus and Thisbe should receive the best director award. We heartily congratulate all these people. We thought the adjudication of the first

three plays was excellent. And in my humble opinion the adjudication of our play was lousy. Was it lousy because nothing was said against the play? No. The last comment on our play, however, is the most irresponsible yet heard from this institution: "Chinese tragedy is too Oriental for our Anglo-Saxon minds."

There happened to be two Chinese in the audience when this was said, and in returning the costumes to their society, I felt like two cents.

Some of you will say, "Aren't you carrying it a little too far?" Well, I don't believe it can be carried far enough. Of course, there are two ways such a bigoted statement can be interpreted. On one hand, if it means the "Anglo-Saxon mind" is too stupid and dull of comprehension to understand any culture other than its own—if that's the case, what business have the honorable adjudicators to be monkeying around with such a universal art as the theatre? If, on the other hand, it means that the "Anglo-Saxon mind" has a better culture than any other, it explains many racial conflicts in Canada. The easiest way to approach and understand a people is through their culture. That was my idea and the cast's attempt. Three of the adjudicators missed the idea completely in the presentation of this play. They knew there was something different about it. But they still didn't know what was different except that "Chinese drama is too Oriental for our Anglo-Saxon mind!" It can be taken for granted, then, that at the University of Alberta, unless a play has a cup of tea and shriek in it, it is not palatable to the "Anglo-Saxon mind."

However, there is hope for the future as shown by the audience's vote, which was cast in our favor by a great majority. It appears that they neither found Chinese drama too Oriental nor were they in any particular frame of Anglo-Saxon mind.

As I have mentioned, we expected no prize in presenting this play. The most we could expect was a bouquet for our effort, if it was good. But I knew well enough it could never be that good in seven rehearsals. But the last thing we expected was an insult and intolerant attitude toward the people from whom we borrowed the magnificent costumes and who gave us their time and advice and consideration in presenting this play. How would the "Anglo-Saxon mind" feel if after a performance of Hamlet, somebody judged that the occidental way of shouting and stamping all over the stage was ridiculous, undignified and sacrilegious to the idea that man is among the higher animals? The "Anglo-Saxon mind" would say, "He's talking through his hat." You said it, brother.

But to the Chinese people I want again to offer our gratitude and thanks for making possible this play. As far as the statement, "Chinese tragedy is too Oriental for our Anglo-Saxon minds"—I know you heard it in the last place one would expect to hear it. But please accept my humble apology on behalf of the University for any intolerance, stupidity, racial prejudice and bigotry shown to you on the night of February 5, 1944.

JIM SPILLIOS.

"Gee, you sweetie uses plenty of make-up."
"Yeah, she's my powdered sugar."
—Sewance Mountain Goat.

Fraternity Man (trying for sympathy)—And so here I am absolutely broke, with one single cent in my pocket.
Fraternity Brother—That's fine. I need an odd cent to make a nickel.
—Ohio State Sun Dial.

Student — When I left my last boarding place, the landlady wept.
Landlady—Well, I won't. I always collect in advance.—Drexler.

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An Open Letter from The Students' Council

February 8, 1944.

The Students' Union,
University of Alberta.

We wish to draw attention to the fact that the front page report of last week's Students' Council meeting was both biased and incorrect. In many cases the reporter's interpretations have missed the point, and it is our opinion that the front page should be a direct and truthful report while the editorial page is the proper place for the individual's or reporter's personal reactions and interpretations, misconstrued or otherwise.

If The Gateway is attempting to report to the students, we suggest they represent true facts, not warped conclusions, suggesting an attempt to run the Union activities over a Gateway desk, as many of our civilians would point out mistakes in our leaders' efforts and thus win the war over a breakfast table.

That Council partakes of the prevailing student apathy is true. That Council is as apathetic as is indicated by The Gateway, is false.

It is clearly one of the functions of The Gateway to criticize. To point out abuses, constructively (not destructively), is a most useful function of any newspaper. But let's be specific. It's good to be specific. We have taken the report of last week's Council meeting, bit by bit. We can't take it. You take it.

Take the headline, the word "Muddles" for example. If muddling means that people talk about something, each one adding his say-so, and that after a good deal of talking, changing of minds and arguing, relevant and irrelevant, a decision is reached—if this is what you mean by "muddling through," then thank God for it, for it is a living proof of that fast-disappearing thing known as Democracy. Even if you mean that there is mere confusion, the headline is false—especially since it implies, by using the word "another," that this usually happens at our meetings. There has been one meeting so far of which this could be said, with truth. That was the session at which the proposed delegates for the coming inter-varsity conference appeared.

We pass over the first sentence of the report, which includes the words "Politely" and "wide awake" as applied by The Gateway reporter to herself or himself. (The remainder of the article is sufficient comment on these.) Now, as to the magazine drive—it is perfectly true that Council was pleased to hear Wilf Cotter (not Carter) say that the D.U.S. had definite plans to put some drive into the Magazine Drive. And why shouldn't we be? But the next sentence is typical of the way the whole article strives and strains to work in every possible bit of "insinuation" and to squeeze out of a flimsy fabric of fact every bit of vilification. This is it: "Council, ready, willing and able to slide some responsibility onto convenient shoulders, was unanimous in passing a motion to this effect." Council was "ready and willing" to authorize the drive. (Oh, what a hue and cry if they hadn't been, and in that case it would have been based on a modicum of truth.) But Council was not "anxious." The Magazine Drive was a Gateway baby left for Council to adopt, and when the matter first came up (at a meeting which The Gate-

way "forgot all about," but this oversight did not receive headline prominence in the next ensuing minutes of Council), it was not treated seriously because the members felt that the War Service Board's weed killer drive had so scared students away from anything but studies that they don't read or buy many magazines, and hence few would be available for the drive. Now, why should Council be berated because it was pleased to hear of some live student interest on the campus, and said it was pleased, and did something about it?

The next paragraph deals with Council's ("your" Council) having "quibbled" for an hour over the basketball game with the University of Saskatchewan. Now, again, what do you mean by "quibbling"? If you mean that there was much discussion back and forth (some of which is referred to in uncomplimentary terms in the article) of pros and cons, relevant and irrelevant, and if you mean that Council hesitated for nearly an hour (time which members took off from studies and more pleasant pursuits such as "politely stifling yawns," before authorizing expenditure of some \$400 of student funds; if that is what you mean by "quibbling," then again, be thankful. Also be truthful. For Council did not "shelve" the matter for a few days, but approved the proposed games subject to further consideration and approval by the M.A.B. and W.A.B. A motion to that effect is recorded in the minutes.

Now, the next paragraph is true, both as a report of facts and as editorializing (which is the way most of the item is written). But the paragraph after that is the well-known payoff: "An increase of \$10.00 to the Provincial News Budget was hastily passed." When we hesitated for an hour and discussed at length the expenditure of \$400, we "quibbled," but when we gave less time to \$10.00 we spent it "hastily." There simply is no way to please people who gloat over your virtues and hate your vices.

The next paragraph is typical of the recurrent misuse of the word "shelved" in the outburst. This is it: "No. 4 on the agenda reads: Should graduation be formal this year?" but this was shelved until after the Wauneta meeting in Med. 142 today." What would have been said had Council taken the matter in its own hands and decided to make graduation formal or informal without consulting those whom it affects most? Under the circumstances, postponement of a decision was the most reasonable thing to do. But you can't win.

We have taken the report in the spirit in which it was written—one of animosity, but it is not our intention to sling the mud back at The Gateway, except in so far as it may incidentally splash on them as we vigorously brush it off ourselves. However, the report in question may do some good. (Almost everything does.) It will cause Council, after prying off the primeval goo, to take a closer look at some of its atrophying members with a view to exercising them.

Although The Gateway is the official newspaper, we do not ask them to publish this. We defy them to, and to give it as much prominence as they gave the blast which it answers.

Yours truly,
STUDENTS' COUNCIL EXECUTIVE.

Russia

There is a grave error widespread on this continent, in the shape of a tendency to under-estimate the importance which the Russians attach to the question of national prestige. All of the best commentators on the Moscow Conference have stressed this point, and Mr. Edgar Snow elaborated it very convincingly in his admirable speech at the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Congress. . . But there is still danger of its being under-estimated by the general public.

There is danger also of attempts to enhance Russian prestige being disliked and resisted in the belief that they are intended to advance the interests of Communism or godlessness or Mr. Tim Buck or the Comintern. This we believe to be entirely erroneous. What the Russians want is recognition of their achievements as a nation; and goodness knows they are entitled to plenty of it.

The Russians are profoundly conscious of the fact that they have never been regarded—and they admit that until very recently they had no claim to be regarded—as an "advanced" nation in the European sense. They believe, and with much justification, that they have become so under their present regime.

—Saturday Night.

It is here that I wish to stress the urgent need to be courageous, to face the future with faith and determination, and to defy "the higher wisdom" of cynical fatalism. We may either shape the history, or abdicate and succumb to the mood of a "realism" which amounts to a morbid helplessness, pessimistic despair. The period between the two wars was a period of moral, spiritual decadence on the part of the Western intelligentsia. What kind of leadership are we going to offer in the coming post-war era? Are we going to continue in the way of "debunking," of cynical depreciation of our heritage and legacy? Are we going to abhor any deep conviction and loyalty, or are we determined to meet the challenge of the hour and to do our job?

The present era is a time of great, tremendous risks. But if we understand the meaning of our times and approach our mission with the full load of faith and sacrifice, a real synthesis of what we call the European East and the democratic West may be initiated. Our constructive and self-critical understanding of the Soviet situation may help the Christian focus in the European East to a new dynamism, the small nations to a large measure of self-reliance, and the post-war Europe to a long era of stability and peace. Whereas, our distrust and suspicions will inexorably prepare a new catastrophe.

—J. L. Hromadka.

Backward Russia was moving forward to enter modern history in the full sense of the meaning of these words. And this is what Dostoevsky fought with all of the intensity and passion of his genius. He could not tolerate the idea that history had already sentenced us to doom. He appealed to the youth of Russia to rise up and fight.

Today certain basic values remain in his writings, which should persist as moral values in any future form of society. He wrote with candor, honesty, penetration and high seriousness. He came to grips with problems the importance of which we all must recognize. His novels are marked by a penetrating insight that has rarely been equalled in literature. His work is pervaded with profound compassion. If it is true, as Chekhov remarked, that if one would make man better one must make him see what he is, then we can readily recognize the lasting value of Dostoevsky.

—James T. Farrell revalues The Brothers Karamazov.

"The wise and dread spirit, the spirit of self-destruction and non-existence," the old man goes on, "it grew a spirit talked with Thee in the wilderness, and we are told in the books that he tempted Thee. Is that so? And could anything truer be said than what he revealed to Thee in three questions and what Thou didst reject, and what in the books is called 'the temptation'? And yet if there has ever been on earth a real stupendous miracle, it took place on that day, on the day of the three temptations. The statement of those three questions was itself the miracle. If it were possible to imagine solemnly for the sake of argument that those three questions of the dread spirit had perished utterly from the books, and that we had to restore them and to invent them anew, and to do so had gathered together all the wise men of the earth — rulers, chief priests, learned men, philosophers, poets — and had set them the task to invent three questions, such as would not only fit the occasion, but express in three words, three human phrases, the whole future history of the world and of humanity—dost Thou

And saying goodbye to the U.

And so, Engineer,
If you want a career,
Take good note of my horrible fate;
Get down to study,
And I'm warning you, buddy,
To control any yearnings to mate.

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Chemistry and War

(Continued from Page 1)

The American synthetic rubber industry has planned and designed its plants, and produced over 250,000 tons of synthetic rubber. At the end of this year a capacity of 250,000 tons will be reached.

Mr. Govier spoke of the demands for increased production and new products in the petroleum industry. The increase in production of aviation gasoline has been a staggering one—from 8,000 barrels of 100 octane fuel in 1935 to 76 million barrels this year. Military explosives is a third example of war production in the process industries, from a few thousand tons per year in 1939 to a figure probably in excess of a million tons per year.

"And what of the future?" asked Mr. Govier. "Will the chemical industries continue to produce on such a scale in the post-war era? The fate of industries may be one of certain death, certain and unmodified life, certain but modified life, or uncertain life." Mr. Govier explained which industries, in his opinion, would come under each classification. High explosives will probably appear in the first group.

Industries that will have assured life are such as produce the plastics, the sulphur drugs, and synthetic rubber such as Neoprene and Thiokol, and possibly aviation gasoline. Plants producing Buna S (synthetic rubber) are not certain to be continued in post-war life. "The future of many of the chemical industries will be determined not by the technological possibilities alone, but by social, political and economic forces as well."

Dr. Morrison spoke next, and showed the place of the chemical industry, with its technique and ability to meet any visible demand, in our society. "What part can it play in ensuring a rising standard of living for all, and jobs for all?" He quoted H. W. Prentiss, past president of the National Association of Manufacturers, U.S.A., as saying that we should guard against fanciful dreams of Aladdin-like advances that will solve our employment problems after the war. "The technological possibilities fire our imagination, but there is as little sense in contemplating these possibilities outside the framework of the world in which we live, as in taking Flash Gordon seriously." Dr. Morrison stated that chemical production is the intermediary between primary producers and final or intermediate consumers. Its labor to capital ratio is low—relatively few men are required to operate a large chemical plant. Chemical production itself cannot be looked upon as a good insurance against unemployment. "I wish to examine some of the chemical processes about which Mr. Govier has spoken, in the light of our sectional interests. Will they raise the standard of living of the people of Western Canada?"

Dr. Morrison went on to explain that employment in the explosive industry would be much curtailed after the war. Synthetic nitrogen plants require little labor; their continued operation will depend on an increased demand for fertilizers. The western farmer is interested in chemurgy, the chemical processing of farm products. Dr. Morrison stated that the farmer must continue to look to the food-consumer market as his chief outlet. As long as there are still large numbers starving in the world, this should remain his principal market.

"Before the war the chemical industry was a thriving, privately-owned industry. By the end of the war, it is estimated that the United States Federal Government will own more than 50% of the aluminum capacity, 92% of magnesium, 70% of steel, and nearly 100% of high octane gasoline capacities.

The proportions in Canada are similar. How will this affect the post-war handling of these plants? Private industry is willing to accept the challenge of assuring a rising living standard to all, provided that the government will abolish price, wages and salary controls, J. S. McLean, President of Canada Pack-

S.C.M. to Entertain Gerry Hutchinson

General Secretary of the Students' Christian Movement of Canada, who will arrive on the campus from Toronto next week. Mr. Hutchinson, a graduate from Alberta and St. Stephen's College, is well known here. During the session of '42-'43, he was general secretary of the Alberta S.C.M.'s. Following graduation, he took up his present work with the National body last July. He now makes his headquarters in Toronto, and has just returned from a tour of universities in the East and the Maritimes.

While here, "Gerry" will confer with the S.C.M. grad group, the organization's advisory board, various members of the faculty, as well as attend student functions. There will be a skating party, a fireside, held for the discussion of the recent University Christian Mission and the Student Planning Conference at Wooster, Ohio, and a student service marking the World Day of Prayer in connection with the World Student Christian Federation. Watch for further announcements next week.

ers, is realistic in his views opposing the last idea. He said: "The conditions which make maximum employment possible in the long run can be set up only by governments. Not a single government, but a large group of co-operating governments. This was recognized in the Atlantic Charter."

Dr. Morrison stated that it is becoming apparent that we cannot isolate ourselves from the rest of the world when considering the impact of our chemical technology on our daily lives. A tariff to support the manufacture of rubber from wheat, for instance, would be one brick in a wall of isolation. Attempts at self-sufficiency on a national scale are only made by a nation's preparing for war or for defense. "It was prospective shortage of manganese that, in all probability, made Germany break her pact with Russia and invade that country. There is little evidence," continued Dr. Morrison, "that nations will become less dependent on each other; the trend is rather in the other direction. Most efforts at self-sufficiency have meant a lowering in the standard of living of the people. The two dependent conditions of a better standard of living are a durable peace and equality of access to raw material. The farmer cannot solve his sectional interest without considering the rest of the world. Declarations such as the Atlantic Charter are statements of policy whose fulfillment depends on the actions of individual nations and on international planning. By this we do not mean planning for monopoly by sectional interests, but planning governed by the general interest. We must subordinate private interest to social interest, and make the common good paramount over individual profit."

Mr. Govier and Dr. Morrison were enthusiastically applauded for their interesting and stimulating remarks. Prof. F. M. Salter announced that the Philosophical Society essay contest would be held on Thursday, Feb. 24th, at 7 p.m., in Arts 236. This contest is open to all undergraduates. Some of the topics from which to choose will be related to topics of the addresses given during the year to the Philosophical Society. Prizes are \$25, \$15 and \$10.

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11 a.m.: "The Recent Canadian Census—and God."
7:30 p.m.: "Christianity—Fiction or Fact?"

8:30 p.m.: Young People's Fireside Hour. Address: "The Wooster Conference," Beta Speers.

Choirmaster: Jack Williams

If you have any time to spare from standing in those Third Street lineups, we'll see just what is doing in the sacred realms of Applied Science.

Now that the Ball is over, the main event seems to be the various worm league hockey games taking place down at the local sheet. At first designed to supply a little recreation, the league has now blossomed forth into an attempt to lure as many pros as possible to within puke range. Not that the boys mean the staff any harm, mind you, but a

prof looks a lot nicer when you're holding the club.

Then there is the joke about crude oil—we'd spring it, but it is not refined.

It would be well to mention here the hard work that some of the slide-rule men went to in preparing the Ball for the success it was. Of course, the executive carried the major load, but it was greatly helped by guys like Bob McDiarmid, who was in charge of the decorations. The third year Electricals probably did more than any other class in the faculty, for they really worked hard. Then the third year Civils, led by such blokes as Walker and Hutton, really pitched in. Of course, the third and fourth year Miners were right in there—they really had the organization of their "mine" down pat, and had it up in no time. All in all, it was a great affair.

It is to be hoped that none of you beermen missed the little "gem" dropped by some "graduate" in the last issue of The Gateway. How nice it is to always have some broken-down Commerce man (apparently the guy took Commerce, for who else would go into detail as to who owns this heap of rubble on the North Saskatchewan?) to come along and put us straight. At least, he thinks that Engineers finally grow up—which is more than he can say for himself.

The University's present drive for blood donors is being well supported by members of the Science Faculty. The boys are going down in large numbers. An Engineer's pint of blood is at a premium down at the local blood bar—it seems they all have a head on them.

Those of you that still adorn these halls might do well to listen to the following advice from the Manitoba Slide Rule:

In search of some knowledge
I entered in college,
There were things that I wanted to know;
So I took Engineering
Without ever fearing
That I'd not get a job with big dough.

I studied up geometry,
Calc., and trigonometry,
So I would be a success;
But I met a House-Eccer,
A sweet little necker,
Who made of my plans quite a mess.

She was a trim little bit,
And for hours I'd sit
With that cute little kid on my lap;
I never would study,
I made her my hobby,
And she—she made me her sap.

Then came December,
Naught could I remember,
I think that I failed every test;
But my face rather paled
When my torso it failed,
When the doctor examined my chest.

The Dean sent a letter
To return my school sweater,
And I bid all my comrades adieu;
So closed was the door,
And I'm off to the war,

Theatre Directory

EMPRESS—Friday, Sat., Mon., "Minesweeper," with Richard Arlen and Jean Parker, plus "Henry Aldrich Haunts a House." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "At Dawn We Die," also "Secrets of the Underground."

STRAND—Friday, Sat., Mon., Roy Rogers in "Song of Texas," also "Get Hep to Love," with Donald O'Connor and Gloria Jean. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Walter Huston in "Mission to Moscow," also "Tish."

GARNEAU—Friday, Sat., "Wintertime." Mon., Tues., Wed., "Lady Takes a Chance," with Jean Arthur and John Wayne. Thurs., Friday, "Salute to the Marines," with Wallace Beery.

PRINCESS—Mon., Tues., Wed., "Crash Dive," Tyrone Power and Ann Baxter, also "Gildersleeve's Bad Day," with Harold Parry. Thurs., Friday, Sat., "Youngest Profession," with Virginia Weilder and Edward Arnold, also "Air Raid Wardens," with Laurel and Hardy.

VARCONA—Friday, "Kennel Murder Case," plus "Gambling Lady," with Barbara Stanwyck. Sat., Mon., Tues., "More the Merrier," with Jean Arthur, also "Joe Smith, American." Wed., Thurs., Friday, "Once Upon a Honeymoon," with Ginger Rogers and Cary Grant, plus "Affairs of Martha."

RIALTO—Running for one week starting Friday, "What a Woman," with Rosalind Russell and Brian Aherne.

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Bears, Huskies Meet at Garneau, Saturday

Games at 2:30 and 7:30; Bitter Fight Expected

55 PENALTIES IN '42 SERIES

Patching, Shekter, Switzer; Green and Fitzgerald Only Old-timers

Fans! It's the biggest event of the year! For the first time in two years U. of A. sports enthusiasts (and others) will have a chance to see their own Golden Bears in action against the Saskatchewan Huskies. Arrangements have been made for Saskatoon to play to games on Saturday, the 12th, in Garneau Gym (i.e., the New Normal School). The first game will be at 2:30 in the afternoon, the second at 7:30.

Moles Win Worm League Opener

The Worm League is once again in full swing. On Monday evening the Earthworms (Miners) and Tape-worms (Civils) slashed, bashed and smashed one another for 60 minutes of a game resembling hockey. When the last battered carcass was dragged from the ice, the moles were on top of the 3-2 score.

The first period was crammed with end-to-end rushes, the sides still apparently fresh from their Saturday night parties. The Diggers missed a fine chance on the open net, until Manyuk finally hit pay dirt in the second with a low shot to the corner. The Civils responded quickly, Ross taking a pass from Hutton to break through right on top of Buckley, and lift it over his sprawling form to knot the count. Not to be outdone, the Miners again went boring into the lead, Bonnet plugging it past Hole. Hutton evened the score late in the second.

For the losers, the Hutton, Ross and Nelson line were stand-outs, giving Goalie Buckley plenty of hot work. For the winners, Manyuk, Manifold and MacLeod proved to be the dynamite line, while Burton with rushes, body-checks and bruising defence work, sparked his team for a full 60 minutes.

For the Moles, Freddie McPherson seemed to lead a charmed life on the ice, no third year Miner daring to touch him (Thermo-dynamics is a course worth passing).

Miners — Buckley, Richardson, Burton, Manyuk, Manifold, MacLeod, Bonnet, Kirkwood, Kirkhoff, Civils — H. Hole, McLean, B. Hole, Ross, Nelson, Hutton, McPherson, Bowden, Bouthillier, Webb, Marshall.

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GROWN IN SUNNY, SOUTHERN ONTARIO

Aggies Perform Hat Trick in Basketball

Paul Drouin Leads Hockey Scoring

LEAGUE STANDING				
	W.	L.	T.	Pts.
Med-Dents	7	0	0	50 21 14
Engineers	2	5	1	31 51 5
A-A-C-L	1	5	1	25 35 3

Scoring		
	G.	A.
Drouin, M-D	14	8
Mackay, M-D	17	4
B. Dimock, M-D	7	12
W. Dimock, Eng.	10	7
Quigley, A-A-C-L	7	5
Jones, M-D	4	8
Schrader, A-A-C-L	5	5
A. Fraser, M-D	6	4
Taylor, A-A-C-L	4	6
Proctor, Eng.	4	6

All-Star Team Chosen by Club Manager, Coaches

Guards:	
Jardine	Eds.
Eggenberger	Eds.
Gander	Eds.
Pencock	Eng.
Forwards:	
Spackman	Arts
Payne	Arts
Christie	Arts
Grant	Arts
Nelson	Eng.
Patterson	Eng.

Second-Half High Scorers

	Pts.
Patterson (Eng.)	49
Spackman (Arts)	44
Jardine (Eds.)	38
Christie (Arts)	31
Nelson (Eng.)	30
Gilchrist (Arts)	30
Bond (Arts)	27
Kerkhoff (Eng.)	24
James (Dents)	24
Grant (Arts)	22
Lyman (Dents)	21

Steele Brewerton Tops In Boxing Club Tournament

Boxing fans got more than they bargained for at the Boxing Tournament staged by Steele Brewerton and assisted by the Army Course Engineers. The contestants put up a bang-up show, which held the interest of very spectator, including the third row in the gallery.

To open proceedings, Andy Potter punched out a three-round verdict over Julian Thorssen in a fast, aggressive bout. Vorice Wellman won a narrow decision from Lloyd Mallin in a furious battle, which produced everything. Wellman's edge on the in-fighting and his clever boxing were just good enough to beat Mallin, who is a strong, aggressive fighter.

Harold Lerbekmo and Harold Archibald, both of the Army Course, stood toe to toe and slugged it out in the closest fight on the card. When the final gong went, Lerbekmo, a shifty, fast boxer, was bleeding freely, and Archibald looked pretty well bashed up. The judges' decision, a draw was well received by the fans, who enjoyed every punch.

Feature attraction of the card was the 135 lb. class bout between Steele Brewerton, a Med and Glen Roberts of the Army Course. Brewerton, an experienced boxer and a smart counter-puncher, had a little too much on the ball for Roberts.

What's The Score?

By BILL CLARK

Varsity, here's your chance. And it's Varsity fans we're speaking to. Attendance at Golden Bear games has been disgusting. This time there are none of the inconveniences of going away out to the north-west corner of town. The Huskies' games will be played at the Garneau School gym, one at 2:30 on Saturday and the other at 7:30, so there will be few valid reasons for non-attendance. Wouldn't it be something to pack that gym to the roof and give the Golden Bears the break we've denied them all year?

How about coming with your lugs in the best shape ever? Get behind the boys. They'll do their best; let's show Saskatchewan we're not all dead in the galleries. Varsity, you have to be there!

The Aggies did it again, making it three times in a row in Interfac basketball. Coach Arlidge Hill and his boys triplicated their feat of the last two years by taking the Engi-

neers two in a row in the final. The loss was a blow to the Bulletin Trophy chances of the Engineers, but most of them feel pretty sure they have enough margin left to take it. Their beliefs are well founded, too.

The Aggies always have a team that is tough—plenty tough. They play hard and for keeps at everything they tackle. Some of the boys stay in great condition, and can apparently run around the floor for hours. Jack Garvin is one. The guy shows up in an Aggie uniform on the rugby field, on the basketball court, and sometimes takes a whirl at hockey. A great bunch of athletes, the Ags.

It was fitting that Steele Brewerton should win the Wynnychuk Trophy. Besides fighting the best fight of the night, Steele also made most of the arrangements for the card, as well as for the Boxing Club's activities throughout the

Take Interfaculty Crown Three Years in Succession

JACK GARVIN, REED PAYNE SPARK AGS

Engineer Stars Smothered by Close Checking Farmers

The past week saw Herb Christie's Interfaculty basketball league brought to a grand finale. The Faculty of Agriculture came through to take the championship for their third successive year. This year their luckless opponents were the Engineers. To the onlooker, the Aggies fielded a well balanced team under the capable coaching of Arlidge Hill. The Engineers, coached by Don Scott, looked like a team that was going to be hard to beat all season. The Aggies, however, had a little too much power and experience for the Engineers, and as the smoke of battle drifted away the Aggies had beaten the Engineers by a total score of 63-31. For the Aggies Jack Garvin proved to be their outstanding point-getter, with Reed Payne a close second. The Engineer's marksmen were Patterson and Nelson, but these men did not display their usual accuracy around the hoop due, to a large extent, to the close checking of the Aggies.

THURSDAY GAME

Outplayed by an alert Aggie squad, the Engineer entry in the Interfaculty basketball league was trimmed by 13 points in the first of the two-game total-point series for the championship. At the end of the game Aggies had chalked up 29 points to the Engineers' 16.

The crowd of spectators huddled together in a corner, and for forty minutes the "Beermen" frothed as their opponents kept a comfortable margin ahead of them. Garvin emerged as high man with 10 points to his credit. Kherkoff was the brightest light in the Engineer camp with six points as his tally. Play became rough at times, but under the capable hand of Tommy McLaughlin any readily observed violations were penalized.

Play all through this game was typically playoff caliber. Close checking and cautious ball handling featured the play of the game. With Aggies 13 points in the lead, one can be sure that the last game will be a honey.

Aggies — Hoffman 2, Payne 2, Grant 6, Christie 6, Garvin 10, Putnam 3.

Engineers—Nelson 4, D. Low 3, B. Low 3, Patterson 4, Peacock 1, Litchfield 1.

who, despite his loss, left most people with the impression that he was one of the best fighters in the ring for the night's work. Brewerton's performance in that bout won him the trophy awarded by Alex Wynnychuk, the Boxing Club coach, for the best showing of the night. Roberts was the judges' second choice, and the classy boxer deserved a close second, because at times he boxed brilliantly—which indicates Brewerton's class.

The heavyweights, Ken Nickerson and Dick May, put on a performance which will be remembered by many. Not only did they finally break down the portable ring, but they did a little boxing on the side. Nickerson, who learned the fine art of boxing practically overnight, put up a valiant fight against an adversary with the edge in reach and in experience. May won rather handily, but not without cost, as Nickerson started bringing a few peppercuts into play in the third round.

The proposed bout between Bud Eggenberger, an experienced boxer, and Berg was cancelled when Eggenberger injured his back in training. X-rays show that the damage was not extensive, however, and fight fans wish him a speedy recovery.

Lenny Maher was all set to strut his stuff in the ring, but an opponent in his weight class could not be found.

After the boxing bouts, the Wrestling Club sent its president, season.

The Army Course deserves a hearty vote of thanks for the spirit and effort they put into the planning of the affair.

The common housefly buzzes a great deal, but is generally ignored, as it has no sting. It's greatest accomplishment is the spreading of disease germs. It likes to hear itself buzz, and it often pretends it is a great big bee, or even a wasp or a hornet. But it really fools no one, because it is still just a noisy, harmless little fly.

Oh, say, Mr. Orphan Editor: To a moderate degree we think you are partly right. But are you sure you are not committing the same nasty crime of which you accuse The Gateway? Remember the pot and

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Swimming Gala on 17th The Aquacade

By Bob Kasting

The final swimming gala will be held February 17. All those interested in swimming are asked to give their names to the faculty captains. Arts and Science and the Aggies are desperately in need of swimmers, as each faculty is trying to field a team.

Points are awarded for entries as well as for winners.

The various team captains responsible for fielding teams are Dick Grunert, for Arts and Science; Bob Kasting, for Aggies; Bonny Jackson for Engineers; and Paul Drouin for the Med-Dents.

The following is a list of the events to be held Thursday, Feb. 17, at the Y.W.C.A. pool:

Boys—120 yard medley, diving, 40 yard freestyle, 40 yard back stroke, 40 yard breast stroke, 160 yard freestyle, 160 yard relay.

Girls—120 yard medley, diving, 20 yard freestyle, 20 yard back stroke, 20 yard breast stroke, 160 yard freestyle, 160 yard relay.

GIVE THE BEARS A BOOST!
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See them Saturday

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